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AN ELEGY.

On the very much lamented Death, of Sir *Toby Buttler*, Knight Barriſter at Law, how departed this Life this 11th of March 1720 21.

In the 78 Year of his Age.

TO Day as great a Soul is fled,
As e'er *England* or *Hibernia* bred.
He knew the Law with any one,
O'th' Age; he did, I'll except none;
No Trope, nor Figure Marr'd his Senſe.
Law was Sir Toby's Eloquence;
His Words were garniſhed with Law,
As full as Spawn in Fiſhes Maw:
No Prancer he nor Flying-Horſe,
He ſtood his Ground by reaſons Force,
His Accent had a Brogue 'tis true,
With more Law, than in ſome Men's Shoe.
He well cou'd ſee the Wound or Scar,
Of Caſes e'er he went to Barr;
And was his Brief ne'er ſo perplext,
He'd ſtick like Bird-Lime to's Text;
He mov'd no Rhetorick for Law,
But faſten'd where he found the Flaw:
Many Words he ne'er could brook,
Not being *Ariſtotle* but *Cooke*,
Whom he of old had got by Heart,
As pat, as Players has their Part;
Barring this mighty Difference Ay,
He Spoke like Man; like Parrots they.
Each Sentence was a Propoſition.
None Needed ask a Definition.
Nor Old nor Young durſt *Toby*, Snub.
For fear of his great Statute Club,
Excepting B———t and N———ly
Pupils to Littleton: They two ſtoutly
Wond give a knock as well as take one
Becauſe both knew to fight the Weapon
With Littleton he gave felling Thupms,
And put old Standers to their Trumps;
But Moots that Idle were at School,
He drove 'em into a Mouſe-Hole.

EPITAPH.

Here lyes entomb'd a Pious Learn'd Man
As any in his Time: All witneſs can
His Juſtice to the Rich and's Mercy to the poor.
Who daly Fed in Numbers at his Door,
Allas he's gone, the Poor have loſt their Bread,
Ireland is now a Widdow; Butler's Dead.